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A
SEARCH FOR MONEY

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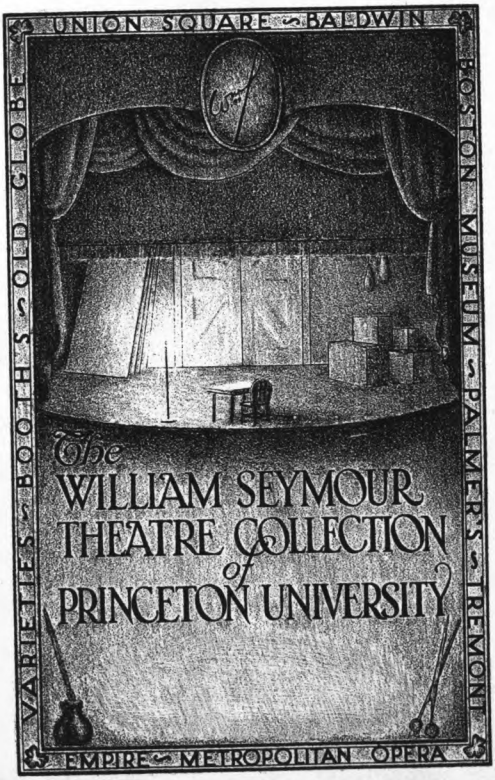

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A

SEARCH FOR MONEY:

OR

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT
FOR THE LOSS OF THE WANDERING KNIGHT,
MONSIEUR L'ARGENT.

From the original Edition of 1609.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM ROWLEY, DRAMATIST.

LONDON:

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXL.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE extraordinary rarity of the black-letter tract from which the following reprint has been made, was not the principal recommendation of it to that distinction. It is a lively, fanciful, minute, and amusing picture of manners; and it includes some curious topographical details, chiefly regarding London and its suburbs. The author supposes himself and some other disbanded soldiers to go in search of Money, personified under the figure of "the wandering knight." This quest leads them through various parts of the metropolis and among different classes of society, which are described with humour, spirit, and fidelity. This circumstance renders the production peculiarly valuable, independently of the fact that no copy, excepting that which we have employed, and another formerly in the possession of Isaac Reed, appears to exist either in public or private libraries.

Of the author, William Rowley, very little is

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known. He was an actor as well as a dramatic poet of some celebrity, and a list of the plays in which he was concerned, either solely or in conjunction with others, may be seen in the *Biographia Dramatica*. The *Search for Money* is his only extant production not intended for theatrical representation, if we except an epitaph upon Hugh Attwell, a fellow-comedian, who died in 1621, which may be found in Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*, I. 423. We first hear of William Rowley early in the reign of James I, as an actor under Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn; and he was probably still living at or near the breaking out of the Civil Wars. Whether he were any and what relation to Samuel Rowley, a contemporary dramatist, is uncertain, but at one time they belonged to the same company of performers—that of the Prince of Wales.

The succeeding pamphlet, it will be observed, is dedicated to Thomas Hobbs, who is not, of course, to be confounded with "the philosopher of Malmesbury." An actor of the name of Thomas Hobbs was a member of the theatrical association to which William Rowley was attached, and no doubt it is he who is addressed as his "entire and dear-esteemed friend." In 1629, Thomas Hobbs had become one of the King's

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Players, and he continued so in 1636. After this date we have no tidings regarding him.

The epistle "to all those that lack money," which follows the dedication, contains several remarkable allusions—one of them to Kemp's (the actor) Morris-dance from London to Norwich: the Rev. A. Dyce quoted it, from the copy of the tract we have used on the present occasion, for his reprint of *Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder*, under the auspices of the Camden Society. He very carefully and curiously illustrated the relic in his introduction and notes, but he omitted one important reference, which is to be found in "Ayres, or Phantasticke Sprites for three Voices, made and newly published by Thomas Weelkes, Gentleman of his Majestie's Chappell, Batchelar of Musicke," &c. 4to. 1608. It shews that Kemp afterwards made a similar expedition into France, and runs as follows:—

"Since Robin Hood, maid Marian,
And little John are gone a,
The hobby-horse was quite forgot,
When Kempe did dance alone a.
He did labour after the tabor
For to dance: then into France
He took pains
To skip it.
In hopes of gains
He will trip it
On the toe," &c.

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Of Kemp's enterprise to dance a Morris into France we hear only upon this authority. The last part of the above quotation would prove that Kemp was still living when it was written.

Of "the travel to Rome with the return in certain days," of "the fellow's going backward to Berwick," and of "another hopping from York to London," nothing is now known; but "the transforming of the top of Paul's into a stable," alludes to the exploit of Banks, mentioned by many writers, when he led his horse, Marocco, to the top of St. Paul's church. Banks and his horse were of sufficient celebrity to be introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh into his *History of the World* (book I. ch. 2, § 6), where he prognosticates the fate that afterwards befel them. Banks travelled to Rome in order to exhibit the almost preternatural abilities of his beast, and there, according to the evidence of the author of *Don Zara del Fogo*, p. 114, both were burned for witchcraft. This work was printed in 1656, but it is believed to have been written many years earlier. It has hitherto been supposed that Banks and Marocco were burned at Lisbon.

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A

Search for Money.

Or

The lamentable complaint for the
loſſe of the wandring Knight,
Mounsieur l'Argent.

Or

Come along with me, I know
thou louest Money.

Dedicated to all those that
lack Money.

Frange nucis tegmen, ſi cupis eſſe nucem.

By William Rowley.

Imprinted at London for *Ioseph Hunt*, and are
to be solde at Newgate Market, neere
Christ Church gate.
1609.

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TO HIS ENTIRE AND DEARE-ESTEEMED FRIEND, MAISTER THOMAS HOBBS.

HEALTH ON EARTH TEMPORALL, AND HIGHER HAPPINESSE ETERNALL.

It is but a toy (deare friend) that I present you with, but if you accept it not, I shall lay the proverbe to your charge, *(qui parvum contemnit, indignus est magno)* hee that refuseth a little kindnesse is unworthy of a greater; but I question it not, nor would I have you over affect it for the title sake, for that it is a *Searcher of Money:* perhaps you would have beene willingly one of this inquisition, but you shall not neede; onely over-view this, and take my opinion where he is, and that is where, I trust, you shall never goe to seeke him. I would define to you these two prepositions, *of* and *in:* that you are in the world (though you must out of it) 'tis certeine; but be not of the world, (though you beare earth

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about yee,) for then you are a wordling, and have affinitie with *Money*, whose best part is but earth, whose (too much worshipt) greatnesse, in my judgment, is but as a bare-legd passage through many acres of briers, for a handfull of rushes on the other side, (being found, not worth half the toile); but use his companie as I do, and that's as I weare my gloves, some-time on, some-time of, and many times leese them quite: take this to refuse it. The next search I make (God willing) shall bee for wisdome, and then, if you will go along with me, weele pace together:

till then, farewell.

Yours,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

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TO ALL THOSE THAT LACK MONEY.

Gentlemen, for so much you may be that want money, and more they cannot bee that have it, (bee that your comfort,) yee are indeed the onlie Mœcenasses and patrons of poesie, for to your weake purses there are alwaies joyned willing hearts, and (if not deedes) at the least, good wordes, (similis simili guadet) *I joye (most respected benefactors) in your fellowshippe. From me yee are like to receive nothing but good words: will yee now undertake an equall travell with me (I know not yet whither) and let the destinies (if they will) reward our paines? I know the walkes in Paules are stale to yee; yee could tell extemporally, I am sure, how many paces t'were betweene the quire and the West dore, or (like a Suffolke man) answere at the second question dead sure: there hath beene many of yee seene measuring the longitude and latitude of Morefields any time this two yeares and upwards, (all but in the hard season of the great frost) and then yee slid away the time upon the Thames. Yee have been either eare-or-eye-witnesses, or both, to many madde voiages made of late yeares, both by sea and*

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land—as the travell to Rome with the return in certain daies, the wild morrise to Norrige, the fellowes going back-ward to Barwick, another hopping from Yorke to London, and the transforming of the top of Paules into a stable. To these, and many more, ad one more: what oddes with him now that will bring yee to the place where your lost and long wisht friend Mounsier Money is within two houres? me thinkes yee smile now; but you would laugh if it were so indeede. You thinke it not possible now, you having searcht so diligentlie and are yet without him; but pluck up a good hart: hire but this hackney, and (vita pro vita) *hee will bring yee to the place for the prise of a peck of oates. 'Tis no great charge: along with him, but pace him not too fast for feare of stumbling. If yee dislike this voiage, returne to my stable againe; if I horse yee not for better profit, turne from a Gentile to a Jew and spit at me. There has beene time and labor (a little of both) to bring him to this small groweth.*

Vale: frustra nihil.

Your joynt friend in estate,

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

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A SEARCH FOR MONEY.

Come, my maisters, all you that will bee of this privie search to finde this wandring knight, (Monsieur Money) lay by your armes, and take your legges and follow me. Nay, stay, stay; come not so fast: I call not all those that would find him, (there would be left then scarce so many behinde as there was undrown'd at the deluge) but some of those as are fittest and most at leisure to search, as some score of idle souldiers: these are men that are experienc't to walke the round, for walke yee must resolve ere yee finde him: he shifts his lodging so oft, or else he lyes so obscure, he wil hardly be spoke with. Wel, I doubt not but yee will be painfull in the quest, onely your censures which way first to begin as the likelyest to finde the nearest way (being the very nominative case first to finde the construction), and then have with yee. Lets first question his descent. Is it from earth (of our owne kindred)? I would he were not so neere to us in kindred, then sure he would be neerer in kindnesse, and then we must conclude (comming from earth) that thither he must returne, and therefore is now on earth. There may a doubt arise from hence, too; for being here canonized, nay deified

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and made a God, (for therein we must needs confesse our impure idolatry) it may be he has tane his glorious flight to heaven already. That cannot bee neither: sure, Peter has bard the gates against him, for he that would not sell heaven to Monie on earth, 'tis most likely he will not sell heaven, now once possest of it. Think ye then he hangs (like a dejected spirit) in the ayre? no, hee is too massie; or if he were, we have Danaes inough to bring him showring downe. In the fire thinke yee? neither; I know them that have run through fire and water too, and yet have not found him: the sea is lunatique too, and mad folkes keepe no money; he would sinke if he were there. Is he damned by the curses of the poore, and so gone to hell? if hee bee, weele rake hell but weele finde him: no, the Divell builds (they say) to enlarge his kingdome, and builders commonly are without money. Well then, we must return to our first proposition, that hee bides in his first element, that's earth: conclude there to search for him then; set up the staffe which way to begin, and *convenimus omnes*. 'Tis falne to the cittie: a hopefull way at first. Enter the gates before there be any opposition. Have with yee.

Let us be carefull in our inquisition: omit no (halfe suspected) place; therefore let us enquire at the tailors shop (for that stood next the gate) if the beloved Mounsieur Money had not there taken up his lodging? the braverie of the time makes a suspect, therefore enquire of him. The motion was no sooner made to two or three crosse-legd jorneyman, but they swore by

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the bread they then eate (and they seemed to relish their oathes with a good stomacke too) that there hee was not. There he should have beene indeed, and many bills of authoritie they had sent foorth to fetch him, but come hee would not, nor could they tell where he lay. Well, on we goe. The next enquirie we made at a painted lattice, having (as we supposd) some hope there to finde him; but alas, *nihil ad propositum*, as wee found the sequell. We boldly (and officers like) enterd the house, where we spyed a more lamentable spectacle then Amintas mourning for his Phillis: an olde woman (being the sicke minded hostess) dejected and throwne into such a perplexitie, as you would have thought her owne traiterous sighes would have blowne her up; her hand (like a despairing lover) boulstering her cheeke, yet with a faint intergatorie, she askt us what wee lackt? we tolde her Money. Shee, something gathering her womanish spirits about her, told us hastily that she had paid her brewer a month agoe, and that we did her wrong to demand it. But upon our further and well considerd replye, shee was satisfied that we came about no such matter, onely to know if such a traveller lay in her house? Then with a sorrowfull shaking of her head, her griefe was redoubled: Oh no, oh no, oh no, thrise, as if shee would have conjured him thither presently, and began to plant her face for a most passionate reply. You see this roome here; I have others well and thriftily furnished with houshold-stuffe, but in this is containd my whole substance, which, ere we goe any further, you shall heare describ'd.

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The battlements, which had been white and innocent, were now sullied with uncapable caracters of (as I may so terme it) candle-graphie: all the sides, both walles and posts, showed like a firmament without a sunne, all full of pale and sickly prodegies, which shee, with a heart as colde as Æneas recounting the tale of Troy, in this manner unfolded to us:—These longer sort (quoth she) which stood like white streamers, are the least harmfull portraiting, (as it were) but even penny-worths of mishaps: these other demi-lunes or halfe moones, and with that she vented another volley of sighes, which are thrise double the mischiefe of the rest; but these round ones (quoth shee) like full moones, (and indeed, not altogether uneffectual) for then 'twas full sea, and the water, stretcht a little beyond her bounds. From forth the hollow caves of her eyes issued fountaines, which walking downe the furrowed pathes of her face, and venterouslie meaning (as it were) to passe the gulfe of her mouth in quietnesse, bound her tongue for a certaine space to peace, which afterward being releast, shee went forwarde to tell us a strange metamorphosis, and one indeede that Ovid had quite forgotten;—how that all her ale was transform'd into those fatall meteors which was indeede chalke: 'twas strange, but not so strange as true. Money, sayes shee, was either fledde or a sleepe, for he was not stirring. Shee added, withall, the report of her better fortunes; how shee had a swifter and more profitable mutation of her ale in former time, how that first her ale was ale, and then it was langtoe, and then it was ale againe. Wee were

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presently (at the hearing of this) importunate, to have the morral of this misterie, what this langtoe was? Faith saith shee, the English phrase is a little too broad, and comparisons are odious, else I would tell you by the way of comparison; but (a little corrupting the word) shee would tell us by a simile; for even as the salt-sea-water being taken out of the sea and purg'd in the clouds and ayre, yet at length returnes to sea againe, and becomes perfect sea-water againe; so ale, though kept awhile in the clouds of the body, yet may againe perfectly and providently returne to the fatte, and so re-returne to the body, as yee may observe in the course of things, how grasse turnes to hay, and the seedes of haye make grasse againe. At this wee were all rewmatique, and spit at the apprehension of it, concluded and tolde her plainly, that we could not pittie her, for we did imagine she had poison'd her guests, and they in due revenge had chokt her. *Sed quid hoc ad nos?* what's this to our purpose? this is the generall folly of the time, when we are once got into an ale-house, we never finde the way out againe: but on, on!

What if we enquir'd at the shoo-makers over the way? wee did, but in vaine: the maister himselfe was not within, and all the rest lay sicke of Mercuries boone, (cruell Mercurie, to deale so with good fellowes,) yet they were labouring their hides, and singing like carelesse travellers *coram latrone*. As wee were but asking the question, steps mee from over the way (overlistning us) a news-searcher, viz., a barbar: he, hoping to attaine some

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discourse for his next patient, left his banner of basons swinging in the ayre, and closely eave-drops our conference. The saucie treble-tongu'd knave would insert some-what of his knowledge: (treble-tongu'd I call him, and thus I prove 't: hee has a reasonable mother-tongue, his barber-surgions tongue, and a tongue betweene two of his fingers, and from thence proceeds his wit, and tis a snapping wit too.) Well sir, he (before he was askt the question) told us that the wandring knight sure was not farre off; for on Saterday-night he was faine to watch till morning to trim some of his followers, and its morning they went away from him betimes. Hee swore hee never clos'd his eyes till hee came to church, and then he slept all sermon-time; but certainly hee is not farre afore, and at yonder taverne (showing us the bush) I doe imagine he has tane a chamber.

We went somewhat hopefull now, having so faire a likelihood. Thither wee came, whereat the entrie wee heare a confused noise, (like a blacke sanctus, or a house haunted with spirits), such hollowing, shouting, dauncing, and clinking of pots, thatsure now wee suppos'd wee had found, for all this revelling could not be without Mounsieur Mony had beene on of the crew. We had the salute (of Welcome gentlemen) presently: Wilt please ye see a chamber? it was our pleasure (as we answered the apron-man) to see, or be very neare the roome where all that noise was. We were admitted, and usherd presently into a neighbor chamber, where, by the joynt observance both of our eyes and eares, wee might be aquainted who

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they were, whom when we had well overviewed: wee might truely perceive there was no such man there as Mounsieur Mony; and that you may the better beleeve us, weele describe the assembly. There was (to begin with the worthiest) two or three of our own faculty and familiar aquaintance, swaggering souldiers: a paire (amongst many) of thred-bare poets, men that want mony more then wit: four or five flag-falne plaiers, poore harmlesse merrie knaves, that were now neither lords nor ladies, but honestly wore their owne clothes (if they were paid for): amongst these were two or three gun-makers, and they lookt like an almanack dated in eighty-eight; and toward the lower end of the table, which indeed we could well distinguish by neither bread nor salt, for there was neither, except two or three small biskets, which (I dare say) nere a souldier there durst venter to breake; but by the condition of the men we gest it so, (who were indeed a noise of musitions) those that I have scene at the tables side (for manners sake) scraping *manibus pedibusque*, yet now admitted a place at table. And good reason too at this time, (as you shall understand) the reckoning was cald for, and within a while brought in. A mist then (with two pipes of tobacco) was cast before our eyes, but we perceived how it went: sixe shillinges dropt from the consort at lower end, which, God wot, they had that morning scrapt out at an embassadors window. Little els was visible, onelie some of them whispered the drawer in the eare (but hung neere a jewell in it): he shooke his head and went

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away, three partes discontent yet faintlie pronounst, Yee are welcome, gentlemen. Upon this the companie departed.

Wee thought wee had staied too long, for wee might sweare he that we sought for was not there. We sent one backe to the barbar to tell him he was an asse to gesse so like a foole, and on we travaile. We had not measured three cinque-paces, but we met with one that came a far greater pace towards us, and had now reacht us—a gallant (as we tearme them) who (as we afterwards understood) had narrowlie escaped the hands of a shoulderclapper. We spur'd our question to him, who pantingly, yet out of breath, swore, as God judge him, he had not seene him this fort-night, but seeke him and finde him hee must, or it would goe worse with him. We requested his company: he told us that way wee went he durst not returne, nor did he thinke hee lay that way, for the last time he parted and shooke hands with him was in the suburbes, and if thither we would walke with him, he would bring us to the house where he left him. We, loath to leese any hope, agreed, and went with him. He brought us to a house where at the very entrance I did distrust we were yet mistaken: there was but three roomes, one crowning still the toppe of the other, and little bigger then so many of Diogenes his tubs, where two could scarcely be at once, but one must be on the top of the other. Other countries (for they are common in all countries) call these mansions bordelloes, or brothells; but in our familliar phrase it is commonly

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called a house of iniquity, or some-time a *subaudi domus*. Our conductor was but setting his foote over the threshold, but he was repulst by head and shoulders by an old Laplander and her mate, with a face like a leane tripe unwasht; but behinde her stood trembling two or three of Venus her nimphes, very prompt and serviceable, which the beldams stood garding like the fire-spitting bulles that garded the Colchos fleece, bellowing, roring and railing against our leader, that hee had carried her best retainer, nay, her verie maintainer from her house, (Mounsieur Money) and unlesse hee went and brought him along with him, hee should have no entrance there; and so doing, hee should be as welcome as ever he was. Hee swore, as before hee had done, that there he left him, and saw him not since: she vied and revied othes to the contrary that it was not so.

This matter could not be decided, till one of our company (having before been familliar with one of the nimphes) had privately enquired if hee were there or no? She had swore to him that hee had not beene there since the tearme, and then that gentleman had left him there. Marry, it was more then her old patronesse knew of: shee kept him obscurely a while, but not long, and from thence hee went to the doctors, where shee thought hee yet was. Wee, considering the circumstance, thought it not unlikely, and went to pursue him this way. This was a good sent, and we were loath to loose it. Well, towards the mountebank doctor wee go, and at length there we arrive, where

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we finde him turning over his stale bookes, and poring in his prospective, some-times graveld in the gravell, some-time sweating and chafing to find whether 'twere a burning feaver or no. Him at his convenient leisure we greeted, who very reverent and courteously re-saluted us, thinking by our meagre lookes we had beene some patients; but, alas, our disease was such as he had no phisique to cure. We propounded our former inquisition to know if such a gentleman lay not in his house? he presently tied his reverence to an oth that there he was not: hee had deserv'd (hee sayd) to have his companie, but could not obtaine it, and for his un-kindnesse he wisht the pox or some other villanous disease would catch him, and then hee should bee sure of his company for a month or so (if not longer) till he were recovered againe. Well, (after the ceremony of departing) wee had our answere, and away wee went. Wee had no sooner descended the staires, but at the doore, wee examined a paire of porters, (men of great carriage) yet having no such burdens lying on their necks they both answered (*una voce*) that they were now come out of the city, and had bin there to seeke him, but could not finde him; nor did they thinke that hee was there, but rather that hee was ridde into the countrie this hard yeare to buy wheate, and meant to turne farmer.

This replie did on the suddaine astonish us which way to turne, but beeing now in the cittie, we con-cluded (*sit fas aut nefas*) to end our enquirie there, ere wee past it; and at the instant (as wee were againe

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entring) we spied a streete on the left hand (the verie hand that hell standes on,) all adorned like a most famous infamous wardrope, for there were executed and hung (some by the necke, some by the heeles) many innocent garments, whose first owners themselves were hung (most of them) on the other side of the citty; and now the garments (for their maisters crime) suffered the second place of paine, and were there tortur'd to bee purged in the ayre of some infections that yet either run or crept upon them.

We did immagine that our lost Mounsier had been there at the receit thereof, but sure he would not lodge nor abide amongst such a tribe of Jewish brokers; yet having opportunity to aske, for then met us one that had newly ransomed a long executed sute, and had of purpose chose it to see if it could conduct him the same way the former owner was gone, (for indeed he meant to weare it to the proofe,) of him we askt who might bee the patron and furnisher of this large wardrope? he answered us that the furnisher of that place was as mad a hangman as any was about the towne; nay, there was none like him. His name was Don Carnifexius Crackonecko Dericko, a rare fellow, (for there was none such) and it was doubtfull whether he were a magician or no, for he used to ride in the ayre of Pacolets wooden horse. Marrie, he was a clowne in one thing, he never ridde with bridle, but a base halter alwaies, and that was but to shew hee could raine his mare without a bit: and a mare it was by approbation, for shee cast many colts, and that was

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with his unmercifull backing of her so neere her teeming time. Nay, (saies heé) hée is a very Alexander, for none but himselfe dares mount his Bucephalus, but is in daunger of death ere hee comes to the ground; nay, his owne servant (by credible report) that had well broke and often managed her, for offering to gett uppe the wrong way was throwne and broke his neck.

This merry description made us leese a little time, yet now wée were sated with this, (having other businesse in hand) therefore we (some-what unmannerly) tooke his tale out of his mouth, and desired him (for hasts sake) to tell us if such a lost gentleman as wée sought might not bée found in that lane, (*nodum in scirpo querimus*). Hée durst sweare, and did sweare without any further premeditation, that there hee could not possibly beé, for all that pendant treasury that wee saw, were but baites [to] allure him thither, yet all and more not sufficient to bring him. Therefore returne if yeé be wise, you fall into the ditch els, and enter the cittie againe, for if there hee be not, he is a verie extravagant, and has no abiding.

This counsell wée once againe accepted, and againe we enter the gates, where we found much serviceable industry to intise the gentleman to this house and that house, and indeede to everie house, but (that wee could perceive) he entered into no house. The scriveners had drawne and hanged out very faire bonds and indentures to lap him in, but we were very doubtfull he would not be bound prentise (at these

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yeares) to them or any one: the milliners threw out perfumes to catch him by the nose, and so (like a beare) to lead him to the stake, sweete gloves to fit his hand of what size soever, but they could not come to take him by the handes: the drapers wondered that having kept so many men before times, (and beeing so well able to keepe them too) that hee bought no new liveries; therefore they could not imagine, but that hee had beene at dice and lost his revenewes, so broke and was faine to live retired with himselfe and his page a while, which was in our opinions a likely conjecture, being himselfe so great a personage. Well, this obscure place must we finde or els we returne (*sine fructibus laborum*) and openlie hee cannot bee, unlesse hee stop his eares and will not, but hee must needs heare proclamations for himselfe, as costermongers cry out for him, offering him good holsome windebreaking pippins, russetings, apple-Johns, and divers sorts, al which tempt him not; but could they bring along Eve with the interdicted apple of damnation, it would sooner be received at his adored hands. In like manner cry out your fish-wives, oister-wives, oringes, lemmans, but none can penetrate his obdurate eares: so generall is the cry, and indeed lamentation, to finde out this concealed Mounsieur, as if Troy were now in her present destruction; yet must not wee (with the Greekes) lay a straw there and go no further, but (*usque ad inferos*) till we finde him.

Upon the necke of this meditation wee fell upon a yet more hopefull accident. Wee approached a post-

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garded dore beset round with many petitionary attendants, that waited the turning of the key that yet stood the wrong way, and was indeed the mansion or rather kennell of a most dogged usurer, (so much wee gest) and so it fell out, for those attendants, (with whom wee joyned our obedient service) in the interrim while the lockes were set at libertie, told us wee had happened right if wee sought such a gentleman, for sure there hee was by great presumptions, or els hee had no beeing. Marrie, whether hee would be spoake withall or no, that they could not tell, for (quoth one) the maister of the house is a man that loves that Mounsieur (you enquire for) more then any man I know. Nay, to say the truth, better then his child, his owne life; nay, (I should not lie to say) better then his soule, (if he have any) and great reason therfore he should be where he is so well beloved. Marrie, there is great doubt of his concealing, for hee cannot abide him out of his sight, unlesse perhaps some of his great friends (and great they must bee, howsoever friends) chance to request his company for a time to take viewe and possession of a purchase, or to the erecting of some new edifice, and then are they on the other part bound in worse bondes and manacles then the Turkes galli-slaves to bring him in at such a day, or they fall into the devouring mercilesse jawes of prison, where no man but Mounsieur Money can redeeme them, and hee then will not come at them.

This description of him scarce finisht, but wee were even readie to have eye-proofe of what wee had heard.

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We might now heare the tonguelesse staires tell us (by force of an oppressive footing), that there was somebodie descending, which was better verified by a rewmatique disposition of the descender, for (with small interims) now and then we might hear on hawking and vomiting the best part of his corruption, that was his fleame; for there was no part of him lesse harming (yet that noisom eynough). Anon his gouty footmanship had reacht the dore, where after the quest of, who was there, and our most humble answere, the locks and bolts were set at liberty, and so much of the dore was opened as we see the compasse of a baker's purgatory or pillory, for even so showed his head forth the dores; but as ill a head in forme (and worse in condition) then ever held a spout of lead in his mouth at the corner of a church: an old moth-eaten cap buttoned under his chinne, his visage (or vizard) like the artificiall Jewe of Maltae's nose, the wormes, fearing his bodie would have gone along with his soule, came to take, and indeed had taken possession, where they peept out still at certaine loope holes to see who came neere their habitation; upon which nose, two casements were built, through which his eyes had a little ken of us. The fore part of his doublet was greasie sattin, stil to put him in minde of his patron Satan, the back part eight penny canvas, a thing (worse than comparison) that loves not halfe himselfe: his heart made of the palmes of foure felt makers hands; his soule not so bigge as an attome, and that's lung-growne to his conscience, which conscience is the true forme of a

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hedge-hog that gards herself round with sharpe prickles, that who so touches is in danger to bleed for it: his industrie is to maintaine his scalpe in a warme cap, his stinking feete in socks, his nose in sacke, his guts in capons, and his braines in mischiefe.

To this lumpe of iniquity, this living carrion, this house-kept fox that's only preserved to stinke (and the headach, which hee was not good for) wee (to show our humillitie) bent ith' hammes, and gave him the worshipp-full salute: he receiv'd it, and grumblingly proceeded to know what wee would with him? wee, with a little smooth preface, as being afraide at first to fright him with our em-bassage, tolde him wee were men that had undertaken a voyage, which, if wee return'd with the performance, would trebble a wealthy estate for us all; and on the contrary, if wee fail'd in the enterprise, we were undone, to give the banckrout's phrase (and the most common forme of a tapsters head) broke, or like the olde gunne-powder-house blowne up. All this appear'd to him (as it was indeed) circumstance; therefore hee desired to goe a nearer way to it, and show the very subject of the matter. Faith, wee told him that we sought a wan-dring conceald traveller, and that wee had receiv'd cer-taine notice that he had taken up his lodging at his house. This was pitch throwne upon burning toe, and oyle upon that to quench it withall: that face that was wilde-fire before, was now hell-fire, raging and boyling as if the poore harmlesse wormes should then have suf-fered torment: some flew out with feare, others were murthred even in their cabbins, that the blood ranne

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about his guiltie nose with the very suddaine screwing of his face; yet after coller had procured a foaming vent, he randed out these sentences—Money? vengeance and hell so soone as Money! he will not bide with mee; he answers not my love with his company: he has promis'd me increase, but hee returnes not himselfe. I have partchment indeed, which is rotten sheepe-skinnes, I have inke which is gall to me, I have paper which is rags and trash, I have waxe, but no honnie, no money, no money, no honney! I let him forth a galley-slave to banckrouts, and now hee's sold to the Turke or the Divell. I would I were with him, wher-ever: I could hang my selfe to learne witte. Had not he wit, thinke yee, that govern'd forty madde folkes? and he hangd himselfe. Why should not I? and you come, to keepe my torment in action, to enquire for him. I have bills, and bonds, and scroules, and waxe, but no honnie, no honnie, no monie, no money! With that in a great rage hee clapt to the doores, charg'd the locks to keepe the doores, and went up the staires (I hope) to hang himselfe.

This was cold comfort still: wee were now no neerer then when we first set forward; all that we knew by what was past was that wee knew many places where he was not: many places wee seeke, but that place was (as report sayes) the enchanted Iland: when wee suppose wee are neare, it is still further off, that now wee feared it would be *Terra Incognita.*

Tanti moles erant Romanam condere gentem.

Yet at length it was built, and why should we doubt

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then but at length to accomplish our undertaken taske? if the Libian club-man had receiv'd (by his envious step-mother) this, as his first labour (and the age in joynt correspondencie with this,) he had never liv'd to number such a jurie of his wonders. Well then, let fame pricke us on, that if we pursue and bring to good passe this labour, it shall live upon our tombes (so that wee bury no treasure with us, and therefore be digg'd up againe) while the brasse and stones can agree together.

We had now shifted our ground, and were come to the Rialto, where wee heare round about us the confusion of another Babell, (for languages, I meane, not for presumption): at this place often arrives the newes from many lands, amongst the which might be (as wee hop'd) some tidings of our lost traveller. Faith, wee by helpe of action and interpretation had quickly made our inquisition knowne amongst them all; but straight, like honest men all agreeing in one tale, they returnd this reply, that they had received no newes from any countrey of such a traveller; more-over, added that all their meeting and discourse was but to seeke and bring home the man we mist, to further which they had sent ships out to sea, that if they scap't the pirates, rocks, flats, and other sea dangers, would no doubt in time happily arrive in our coast. They confirm'd by another reason, which indeed sounded more credibly then the former: marry, it was tolde in private, and therefore I am loth to be found a blab of my tongue. They laide some, I, a great deale of blame on their wives, but (for quietnesse sake) I would not have them know so much:

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they told us, that they themselves had often brought many of Mounsieur Moneys followers home to their houses with great hope (in the end) to attaine the companie of his compleate selfe, but their wives (came he never so privately) would finde him out, and then (disdaining any such inmates to lodge in their houses) sent him out of doores; and whether they went to conjurers to performe it or no, they knew not, but straight he was transform'd into chaines, jewels, bracelets, tyres, ruffes of the fashion, which still were no longer liv'd then a wonder, nine days: then it was stale, and they must have a new, and (for firme approbation of what wee say) looke but on our wives, and you will say we have tolde the truth, and we (to please them, and seeme gratious in their eyes) must follow the fashion too. I know not by what clause in lawe it is remoov'd, but the burthen that lay upon their bumms is now pla'st on our shoulders: wee have verdingales to beare up our bands, as they had to support their loose britches.

This we deliver to yee in private, and you may use herein a friendly concealment: we promist what wee have not now perform'd; so did we as long as wee could, and that's as much as any man or woman can doe. This was our answer, and wee were bound to beleeve it. Well, then wee change our walke, and from the Change we goe, where we had no sooner regreeted the streetes, but we might behold a comely troope of white headed senators, (such as sometime adorn'd Romes Capitoll, when she swayed the world in a single monarchy,) such as were habited to custome and comlinesse, not to fancie and immitation, by whose

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grave advise this cittie did support her name, which else would quickly have turn'd into a wildernesse, like flowers growing in the unbarbed field for want of due polishing turne wilde and loose their sweetnesse. These gardners, or guardians, of this their little viceroyship, were now approached us, whom (with a halfe amaz'd humilitie) we saluted, and remembring the proverbe (spare to speake, and spare to speed) went forward to this milde inquisition.

Reverend, honorable, and worthy gentlemen, we are poore petitioners to your patience, both for audience and answer of one singular demand: (*verbum molle frangit iram,*) though they might have punisht our presumption, yet they give us leave to proceed, to whom relating our aforesaid tasque, some part of the paines we had alreadie taken, we as briefe (as we could) let them understand our cause, and remain'd still attendant on their answer, which we staide not long for, but one voice answerd for all in this manner.

Truly, gentlemen, yee have undertaken a great tasque, if yee have tyed your selves to the performance of it, for here 'mongst us yee have certainly mist him, (a hard case, and a mad world indeed, when all complaine for money): and surely yee prosecute your course farre contrary to the purpose; for thinke yee to catch fishe with an unbaited hooke, or take a whale with a pursenet, then may yee retuourne with a bare hooke, and an emptie purse. No, yee must baite your angle if ye will come home loden. I must needs confesse we have had, and have yet some acquaintance with that gentleman yee seeke

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for, but he will not bide with us. I tell ye he is a wilie fellow, not woone with good words, for then would schollers have more nap on their gownes; nor with valor, for then you would happily bee more happy in his acquaintance; nor with feature, for then so many proper men should not want him; nor with knockes, for then would fencers be more fluent, but some æquivallent goodnesse, which is an equall balance to him-selfe, or he wil not stir else. It seemes you know not his company, that are no better acquainted with his qualities: I tell yee, besides, that he is an obstinat wilfull fellow, for since this idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept the scepter in his owne hand, and commands every man; which rebellious man now seeing (or rather indeed obedient too him) inclines to all his hests, yields no subscription nor will he be commanded by any other power. He is besides a carelesse and ruinous defacer of all vertuous and necessary antiquities: so him-selfe lie sleeping in yron bard chests, what cares he what runs to desolation? if men undertake (as indeed we of late have done) but some good and necessary peece of worke, as the re-edifying of a decaied gate, built new places for the profitable sweetnesse of the city, hee flies away (as ye have perhaps sometimes noted) with more dexterity, then a needy debptor hath fled the hands of any of those our officers. Therefore, truly, lette this confine your answer, that amongst us he is not to be found, only there are a few followers of his the better to direct and guid yee in your determined travaile. With that

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we gratefully accepted some few of his attendants, and they rid on.

We still prosecuted our now halfe hopelesse journey. From thence with few paces we had reacht a faire and sumptuous streete, a place that if a man had only liv'd to please his sight, he would continually have made that his horrizon; or if every conjurer had such a prospective glasse of his owne, they would never deale so much with the Divell as they doe. Here lay plate, both gold and silver, jewels rich and orient lay in heapes; here only wanted that god (by man created) Money. Here we made a dilligent inquirie, but straight were we turn'd with *non est inventus:* all those (as they truly answered us) alluring temptations were but to intreat the company of the adored gentleman thether, which if we could procure with full and perfect progresse wee might command al we sawe, wee should be able to furnish with plate Marke Antonies feast thrise trebled: marry, otherwise

Si nihil attuleris ibis, Homere, foras.

This, though it a little dismayed our present busines, yet it spurd us on with a more fervent desire to seeke, knowing what infinits followed having once attained his respected worthiness with us. We were now come to the place where the records of all ages were kept since the creation. There we turned over many leaves, but few to our purpose: never was such a search made. Many taught by quintessences and alcumisticall extracts to make a new substance of this essence, but they were most made beggars that undertooke it.

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This walke we had soon walkt through; now wee were entred the Temple: to finde him there we had not such an unhallowed thought, for there the pillars were hung with poore mens petitions, some walking there, that if they praied as well as fasted, did very well and sincerely; nay, the very Temple it selfe (in bare humility) stood without his cap, and so had stood many years: many good folkes had spoke for him because he could not speake for himselfe, and somewhat had been gathered in his behalfe, but not halfe enough to supply his necessity. Here could be little hope to find him that so much wanted him: we soone turnd our backes on this place, and had as soone espied many haberdashers that had felts of many fashions, but none that would fit this foresaid bare-headed tall man: marry, for Mounsieur Mony, if he came himselfe, (for so they answered us at the enquiry after him) he should have choise of any felts of what fashion or blocke it might be his pleasure to weare.

Little comfort we felt by all this, but yet we must not sound retreat: forward we go still, many hopefull places we passe, yet after our delivered message we were never the neare. Many honorable gates we left unentred and the houses unsearcht, because we wanted some of the Mounsieurs kindred to open the admittance; yet we might heare of their complaint of defect, and therefore could conclude of his non residence there. At length we passe by that gracious and soveraingly inhabited pallace, where by the dues of reason this adored idoll should be a servile messenger; and no doubt

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he is, for there might we behold the princely messengers from many severall countries guerdond and presented with heapes of treasure. But this runnagate (whom folly and ignorance adore as they do stockes and stones) could here have no place of authority nor abiding, but as a mercinary bond-slave. Whether go we now? Faith, now have with you to Westminster: and what to do there? shall we take a chamber and rest our selves a while? no, nor buttry neither. Weele to the hall first, thats certaine: well, away then, and take this for a note by the way too, if ye here the tongues walke apase the Mounsieur is there; if not, al's a sleepe.

We have now with moderate paces attaind the entrance. Lets not be unmannerly; knocke first, or call him by his name; perhaps he will answer if he be there. Ho! Mounsieur Mony! me thinkes I here him answer like a sententious tapster, I cannot be here and there too. Here was a busie house the while; such canvasing of cases, that our case could not yet be heard: here were two brothers at buffets with angells in their fists about the thatch that blew off his house into the others garden, and so spoild a hartichoke: here two neighbours together by the purses; the good man Nabuloes goose had laid an eg in good man Corridons barne, and he pleaded possession and the trespasse of the goose that had committed burglary to come in the wrong way: this had bin long in sute, and yet was no date to the end, onely it was thought the goose should die fort and be shar'd betweene them: then one knave was in sute for calling another by his owne name. So

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busie they were about these and many other such cases, that we could get ne're an atturny to deale for us, so that at length we concluded to be our own heralds, and proclaime our busines our selves. So choosing the strongest voyce amongst us, began our outcry—If any man (women there were none), child, towne or country of what degree, quality, discretion, either wise or ignorant, or howsoever, in this place could tell tidings of a wandring knight, cloth'd in armors of proofe of two especiall coates, either in totall Argent or totall Aurum, his horse trapt sometimes in leather, sometimes in velvet, and somtime embrodery, let him bring certaine notice where he lives, either at liberty or in prison, and he shal have for his paines a thousand duckegs. And this causd a general silence over all the house: ther's never an one, either atturney or clyent, that could tell what to say till wee came to a more familiar examination.

And first we began with the clyents: they swore (as I thinke without perjury they might) that hee was gone from them. They came riding up with him at the beginning of the Tearme, and that he did take the paines to accompany us to the Hall, and here hee was; but he is now gon, and be slipt away from us, we know not how. It may be he is yet amongst the crowd. If he think you inquire for him to his indammagement, perhaps hee will shroud himselfe from this discovery (and yee cannot blame him neither to seek his safety). If you could warily observe, I think you should find him hid here-abouts. This sufficeth for the poore clients answer: we now addres our selves to others

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where our message was stopt up in the mid-way, with *non est nobis argentum.* Wee have sent out executions for his body, but he is not yet come in: some fragments (wee must confesse) we have of his; marrie, for the substantiall, angelicall, and most dearely beloved Mounsieur him-selfe, they had no acquaintance with him, nor hee residence with them. This *(contra voluntatem)* must serve for an answer; necessity (being but a petti-fogger) has no law, law hadde no eares. We had ne bels, what shall we now doe? *Desistere victos?* No, not yet; wee'll yet try further,

In adversis rebus melius sperare supersis.

Whither now? ther's yet a part of over-sea citty to search? Shall wee a boord, and thither ere we see the country? many different opinions were held amongst our selves about this. Some said there was a beastly buffeting about him already; fight dog, fight beare, the uncharitable whipping of the blind, the old ape riding post, lackied by the muzled dog, and the buls horne-mad to have his company; but it could not bee. Some said there were others that offered to suffer the Germain strappado for his sake, and to daunce in the aire upon a hempen cloud, nay, wonders (both masculine and feminine) yet his presence will not be obtain'd. Some others said it might be possible he was there, for there were many hard handed men that laboured sore for him, and they perhaps might attaine his worthinesse. That was presently confuted by another, with this objection, that there were too many caps used for felt

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makers to thrive; that was Monmouth caps, Wantige caps, round caps, Mother-red-caps, and fudling caps, and none could (but bad church-wardens) beare the bell away. All this (by the helpe of some more comforted spirits) could not dissmay us, but to sea-ward wee goe, praying for a faire wind weather, and happy successe; but here was the fright before we came to the water. Wee were no sooner come within the ken of flood, but we were onset with such a company of Carons, howling, hallowing, and calling for passengers, as if al the hags in hel had bin imprisoned and begging at the grate; fiends and furies that (God be thanked) could vex the soule but not torment it; yet indeed their most power was over the body, for here an audatious mouthing-randing-impudent-scullery-wastecoat-and-bodied rascal would have hail'd a penny from us for his scullership: an other paire of water-pandars would pul a double fee for his (wh) oares, and we should ride like gentlemen, (or rather almost empty hoshheads) a tilt for it. But such hayling, howling and pulling there was that wee durst not venter the flood, the wharfe being so dangerous; and further questioning the condition of the sea-monsters, 'twas told us they did but howlingly sing for Mounsieur Monie that we sought for: for us, the treacherous leviathans had not car'd to have overwhelm'd us, had they once boorded us. Well it was, that it was so: now, hey for the country we had past.

We have passed the citty as good counsell passes the eares of a negligent auditor, in at the one side and out

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at the other, and done no good within: hey for the country another while:

Quod non in Gallia forsitan in India.

Many daies we travaild, and many miles we measured ere we relish any place (having the citty still in our eyes of apprehension) where we might enquire for our departed friend and not be laught at for our labours. We were many times in a wood, and indeed seldome out, yet it may be this sir dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furthest of the nest: though the citty might promise faire show, yet in the country might remaine his being. We, therefore, without further question stept to a farmers house, where we intended to use the authority of our inquisition. His dog first saluted us with a full mouth, which likewise served for alarum bell to tell them within that one or more was entred the gates; upon which summons, the goodman of the house came to the doore—a jolly chuffe, a good formall russetcoate, and a reasonable stature for a juryman. We were about to encounter him at first sight with our busines, but were prevented by his former salutes, for in a plaine country greeting he invited us to drinke and eate with him such cates as the house afforded. Good stomaches are soon invited: we had scarce the maydes manners to say nay and take it, but to take before we say nay. In we were brought, where we had cates to please five several nations: we had the Duchmans delight, butter and bacon: we might have made tosts to our butter, and varied it to another

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place as proper. We had roots for the Frenchman, a pippin pye for your Irishman, and a peéce of cheese for the Cambro-Brittane: al these differences each one made a shift to draw to one head; once we had small beere which pleased no nation.

This matter being reasonable well canvassed we fell to another discorse. The good man was, or would be if he might (as was his owne phrase) so bold as to enquire whence we came and whither we would? we answered him we could resolve him whence we came; but whether we would we knew not, for that we had undertaken a thing worse then the conquest of the Indies, at which he shewed us his gums, and was very pleasantly importunate to know what it was. Ifaith, as we had made no bones of his meate, we did not of our message, told him such an one wee had long sought and him wee must seeke till we find *(usque ad necem)*: with all we requested to know if he had not alighted at his house, for it was a generall report in the citty that this hard yeare he had taken his leave of them and came into the country to buy corne. He premeditated no reply, but told us briefely there he was not, nor could it stand with reason why he should. No, no, sayes he, hee never-visits us in the country unlesse it bee in some contagious pestilent time, when he is so infected that we dare not receive him, and then he comes downe. Marry, he lies without doers for his labor: nay, he that will not see us in prosperity let him keepe away in misery. Alacke, alacke! he now scornes our flock-beds: if we but meete with him at the market, we

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can scarce intreat his company home; our great landlords bespake him with lofty rents, with fines, and pretoes and I know not what. Deare yeares, quoth ye? tis not we that thrive by deare yeares: they are deare to us; our graine is in the usurers graner ere it be growne: if we can keepe but the plowgh at the oxe taile, and spare one to fat against Christmas, our care is taken. Marry, for the gentleman you seeke for, he is so seldome in sight with us, that he is almost out of mind.

A Scilla in Charibdin: this geere went to worke, (as rope makers do) backeward: what reply could we make but a faint farwel? what could now our meditation be, but amazement? shall we yet proceed where their's no hope of conquest? lets take the hardy soldiers moteto, *Dum spiro spero*: wee yet breath, though almost out of breath; therefore lets forward. On wee goe, but still no midwife could be found to deliver us of our travaile; many daies labour we cut of, but still (like Hidraes heads) more came in the places, as weldly and invencible as the other. Wee past by a tanners doore, and hee confest hee had broke the statute by antedating his hides, and taking the leane lether from the fat before the time, and all for the love of Mounsieur Mony, yet he could not winne his company. Many tradesmen swore they had (like knights of the post) foreswore them-selves, all for his sake, and yet went without him. The tapster had froth'd halfe way, but whether the Divell had let it out a nights or no, he knew not, but he could not thrive by

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it. Indeed, generally honest men, millers, and all estates did complaine and lament the absence of this their deare friend; in the observance of al which, time and travell had now brought us in kenne of a very pleasantly scituated towne, faire and sumptuously builded, partly (though not equally) devided with a sweet currant streame, which both brought sweetnesse with it selfe and bore away the annoyance of the towne, with no more prejudice to it selfe then as a drop of poyson throwne in the ocean, whose undiscovered greatnes kills the opperation, where meeting one that could resolve us, we questioned the name and quality of it; who wondered we knew it not, being one of the two sisters (being no more in the land but two) from whom as from two everflowing fountaines, wisdome and doctrine continually did abound. We had little to examine further of either wisdome or learning, but Mony we enquire for, and of him we desired to know, if that we thought he might not be ther resident? Faith, no; by many presumptions there hee could not bee: hee guest him (though he were a great traveller) yet he was but a small student, for otherwise he would not keepe company so much with fooles; nor any ascending degree there he could not take, for that he had attaind more worship and adoration already, then they could allow any title for; and for the inhabitants which were all painefull labourers after the quest of wisdome and understanding, and harboured not so much as a thought to bring him into their companie, their commons was too short for him, their habits

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too civill, and their arguments too quarrelsome. Alas! Sir Money has no fellowship with them: they are rather (be it no disparagement for them, to have themselves so term'd) liberalites beads-men, and the sonnes of wisdome. These faire foundations were raisde in former ages, when this close sojourning knight you seeke for ridde a horse-backe in open view, without a coach, or a vizard before his face: 'twas Money that builded all these (gentlemen.) Marrie, hee was forst to it by the great great grand-fathers to these that now keepe him back. Then was England's whole yeare but a Saint Georges day: then had a noble man a hundred or two continually about him; but this question, gentlemen, will drive mee too far in contemplation: therefore Ile take leave of troubling yee any further. I wish yee were in a better way, for sure yee are now out of the way quite.

Wee now stuck fast, and knew no way out, and thought better to scramble out the way we came, then throw ourselves into some irrevocable place. Wee, thus resolv'd, turn'd back, and in a rage bad the Divell goe with him, for wee would seeke no further. The Divell was no sooner in our mouthes, but he helpt us to another project in our mindes: we now (sauns feare) would goe the neerest way, and know where he was quickly, and concluded certainly that his residence was not on earth. What then? shall wee give over the quest? no; to hell first. Agreed, agreed! every man choose his sworne brother (every Theseus his Pirithous) and lets along. But who knowes the way?

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and whither there be such a locall kingdome or no? Oh yes, there's one could tell that had read Policronicon how many mile it was to it downe-wards; that was three thousand, two hundreth, five and fortie mile and almost a halfe. This seem'd a tedious descent, without a good paire of staires, and wee durst not undertake it: it was better considered to cut of a great deale of the journey, and to go headlong, and bee there quickly, and that way was assoone found, viz. we should returne back to the suburbian bordello, (before mentioned) and there to hire hackneis would hurry us to hell and damnation suddenly. What shall wee not do for so great a friend as Mounsieur Money? come, take horse and away!

The conclusion was put to most voices, which upon better consideration was given on the contrary; for, saies one (that it seemed was well read in the quallities of them) it were a farre easier (though very painefull and not so speedie) journey by land, for this way yee ride through mercilesse fire and water: 'tis hell all the way to hell, and if yee will give the hearing, Ile give yee a part of their caracter: yet I am loath to foule the sweet ayre I draw and extinguish with so polluted a rehearsall. They are faire outsides of sinne, but like deceitful bogges our-hid with snow, which melted off. (*Vah, vah! per Stigia vehor*) I am now in hell in apprehension; yet if the satirist would take this out of my tongue to give trophee too, hee must confesse it were pitty that beauty and brasse-browed impudence so unhappely met. There are lisping tongues to entise,

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songs to provoke, teares extemporall hienna-like to beguile, othes to summon an earth-quake and moove the marble geometrie of Heaven, and suddainely to bring downe the pendant prodegies that over-hang the zenith of iniquity; and to those othes their quantity in lies, (othes and lies being indeede inseparable companions). These raw-rosted-fire-proved golden apples of damnation are the very common beaten pathes to hell, (I must confesse) (*nam meretrix est janua mortis*) but the way is so foule and daungerous, yee were better goe further about.

In the neck of controversie which way to take, whither the Divill had a further hand or no, (I know not) and meant to take some more pitty on us a little to ease our journey, but wee had begotten the happiest and healthfulest way could be devised to speake with his diabolical blacknesse. We would go to a conjurer, or as some say a wise man; but I thinke to conclude him a conjurer and no wiseman were the best moderation, for I holde them meere antipathies. This was allowd a perfect and briefe way, (for we were now almost tyred). The Divell had sure over-heard us, (what skill he has in musique I know not, but he has a good eare) for presently was sent to us a man (as after wee proov'd) for the purpose: a leane meagre fellow, lookt as if he had beene lately frighted with his owne patron; a poore black serge sute (scarce worth the naming) that, if it had beene artificially flamed and burnisht yee would have thought it had beene one of Lucifers cast sutes. Why should a man serve the

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Devil and get nothing by it? but sure it is, God can keepe them poore that the Devil makes rich.

But whats hid from the Devill himselfe, when one of his poore rascalls can come and prevent us and tell us what we sought? we wondred at it, but desir'd him, since he so well knew our intents, to further our purpose with his best art. Hee (for a little fee) quickly condiscended, and promist (if wee would) to bring the Devill face to face, to answer our demand in whatsoever, whether he himselfe were the jaylor to this lost traveller or if he knew any of his confederates on earth that did detaine him? To the one wee agreed, that either himselfe should talke with him, or wee would if he were not too terrible: eyther was sufficient, and that following night wee should summon him to a parle. The interim while then, hee bestowd in preparing his incantations, exorcismes, caracters, and what dues and properties belongd else to his Cimerian art.

But to the purpose: the night was come, we were come to the place, where wee were set a loofe off with a valiant charge to feare nothing. Our hardie leader himselfe, that fearde not the Devill, fell roundlie to his businesse with his circle round about him, where with some ceremonies, and a triple invocation of great Beelcephon, the ground (not so hardy as the conjurer) began to tremble, that we all shooke for feare. Anone (as if a whole legion of them had beene then taking tobacco, and even of such a sophisticcated sent) issued forth such a cloud of smoake that wee could scarce discerne our artist: after that, a noise so confused as if

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hell had beene a fire and the bells of Barathrum had beene rung back-wards. After this storme it began anon to be a little more calme, and then we might perceive a fellow (for sure he had more fellowes) appear to us in the shape of a miller in apparell, but as swartly as a chimney-sweeper. To him our valiant orator propounded the question, whether such a wandring knight as Mounsieur Money was not traveled into hell or no? he answered, no.

The Divill (like a brave maunder) was rid a begging himselfe, and wanted Money; (whither the Divill had bin a souldier or no, I know not) but our hardie spoakesman was so bold as to give him the lie, and bad him tell him the truth or he would force him; for he knew that he was in hell, because he was not to be found on earth. He answered then a little nearer the matter, and told him, that his maister had put him to sojorne in certaine usurers and extortioners houses, (very friends of his maisters) and that the day of his returne was not yet come, but ere long hee would be there againe. This seemed somewhat likely, but our arts-man, better knowing his qualities then we did, was not yet sufficed; but the second time gave him the lie, and layd another *conjuro te* or two upon his shoulders, to tell him the truth, or he would binde him to his good behaviour for a thousand yeares. Then out came all: he then confest that he was in hell, for the most part: many spirits had him under lock and key, and he was like never to bee set at libertie againe, and the reason was the Divill had so many children fathered on him

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that he never begat, and so many of his owne, that hee had no other dowry to bestow on them. The earth was daylie more and more taken from him, as India, Virginia, and many continents, that hee thought hee should have no lands for them to inherit if doomesday came not quickly: therefore Mony by any meanes he would not part with. Many usurers, and others of his loving friends, cried out against him for it, but he was resolved never to give him liberty. This sufficed for an answere: the Divill went home againe, and the conjurer came to us, where he received his reward of us according to our abillities. We bad the Divil keepe his saint, for we would seeke him no more.

The next voyage we vowed to make for wisdome, and then we should have more wit (then to seeke for Money) whom if we mist on earth, we knew where to seeke her without a conjurer. It grewe now breake of day, and wee broake uppe our search. *Dixi.*

Take it as it is.

Tam male nill cusum quod nullum prosit ad usum.

FINIS.

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NOTES.

Page 5.—"I would he were not so neere to us in kindred, then, sure, he would be neerer in kindnesse." This was proverbial: see the note on the line in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

"A little more than kin, and less than kind,"

which it may serve to explain; and some explanation seems required, considering the needless confusion introduced by the conflicting remarks of the commentators on the passage.

P. 7.—"The next inquirie we made at a painted lattice," *i. e.* at a public-house, of which a painted lattice, as it was then called, was a general sign: it is not yet discontinued, though under a different appellation.

P. 8.—"And, indeed, not altogether uneffectual." Here, *uneffectual* is used in the same plain sense as in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

"And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

On which Steevens observes:—"Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means fire that is no longer seen when the light of the morning approaches." This remark shows either that he did not understand the line, or that he tried to understand more than could be made of it: the word *pale* refers to the lessening of the brightness of the glow-worm as the day breaks; and the word *uneffectual*, to the absence of heat in the fire the insect displays.

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P. 10.—"Left his banner of basons swinging in the ayre." Formerly, barbers not only hung out poles, (as they still do in a few places in London, and frequently in the country) but they ornamented these poles by hanging their basins upon them.

P. 10.—"And *its* morning they went away from him betimes." This is an obvious misprint in the original copy for "And *i' th'* morning," &c.

P. 10.—"At the entrie wee heare a confused noise, (like a blacke sanctus, or a house haunted with spirits) such hollowing," &c. In a note upon Chapman's "Widow's Tears," (Dodsley's Old Plays, vi. 177, edit. 1825) Reed informs us that "the black sanctus was a hymn to Saint Satan, written in ridicule of monkish luxury." It is thus mentioned in Tarlton's "News out of Purgatory," which was twice printed, once without date "for Edward White," and again in 1630: both editions correspond precisely, and the following is quoted from the last; it is in "the Tale of Pope Boniface," p. 6:—"And upon this there was a generall mourning through all Rome: the cardinals wept, the abbots howled, the monks rored, the fryers cried, the nuns puled, the curtizans lamented, the bels rang, and the tapers were lighted, that such a blacke sanctus was not seene a long time afore in Rome."

P. 11.—"Four or five flag-falne plaiers, poore harmlesse merrie knaves, that were neither lords nor ladies, but honestly wore their owne clothes." It was very natural for Rowley to speak well both of poets and players, he being distinguished, like various others of about that date, in both capacities. He calls them "flag-fallen players," in reference to their having then no employment, for it was usual to have a flag flying on the tops of the public theatres, when any performance was going on in them. W. Parkes, in his *Curtain-drawer of the World*, 4to. 1612, has this passage, p. 47:—"Each playhouse

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advanceth his flag in the air, whither, quickly, at the waving thereof, are summoned whole troops of men, women, and children."

P. 11.—"Amongst these were two or three gun-makers, and they lookt like an almanack dated in eighty-eight," *i. e.* 1588, the year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Perhaps the almanacks of that year were ornamented with representations of guns and other weapons.

P. 12.—"For the last time he parted and shooke hands with him was in the suburbes;" alluding, probably, to the stews in Southwark, and in the other suburbs of London, to which such curious reference is made in *Cock Lorell's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. A pardoner there says,—

"Syr, this pardon is new founde
By syde London brydge in a holy grounde,
Late called the stewesbanke.
Ye know well all, that there was
Some relygyous women in that place
To whom men offered many a franke,
And by cause they were so kynde and lyberall,
A marveylous aventure there is befall;
If ye list to here how.
There came suche a wynde fro Wynchester
That blewe these women over the ryver,
In wherye, as I wyll you tell.
Some at saynt Kateryns stroke a grounde,
And many in Holborne were founde;
Some at saynt Gyles, I trowe,
Also in Ave Maria aly, and at Westmenster,
And some in Shoredyche drewe theder
With grete lamentatyon.
And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
They wyll bylde at Colman hedge in space
A nother noble mansyon,
Fayrer and ever the halfe strete was,
For every howse new pavd is with gras."

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Hence we find that Colman-street, before this date, (about 1506) had a hedge opposite the row of houses. On the authority of Fabian, Stowe informs us (*Survey of London*, edit. 1599, p. 332) that "the stewe-houses in Southwark were, *for a season*, inhibited" in 21 Henry VII, on the interposition of the Bishop of Winchester, who had a palace near the foot of London Bridge; and this is "the wind from Winchester" alluded to in *Cock Lorell's Bote*. Stowe adds that "the stews in Southwark were put down by the king's commandment," in 37 Henry VIII, but many authorities might be quoted to show that the suppression was not effectual nor permanent.

P. 15.—"His name was Don Carnefixius Crackonecko Dericko." Derrick was the name of the Jack Ketch or public hangman, at the time this tract was priuted. What follows the above quotation is a revival of a very old joke, by which those who were hanged were supposed to ride a three-legged mare. Of the execution of Derrick's servant, for some crime committed by him, no other mention appears to be made.

P. 16.—"Therefore returne if yee be wise, you fall into the ditch els." Probably Tower-ditch, which was then open, and ran not far from Rosemary Lane, where the Searchers for Money are now to be supposed.

P. 19.—"His visage (or vizard) like the artificiall Jew of Maltaes nose." This is an early allusion to Marlowe's celebrated play *The Rich Jew of Malta*, which was not printed until 1633. There is, however, a still earlier mention of it in Thomas Dekker's *News from Hell*, 4to. 1606, where he calls one of the persons introduced, "my rich Jew of Malta." The play was written before 1593. As to the nose, it was usual in the time of Shakespeare, to furnish Jews and usurers on the stage with artificial noses, and so Shylock was probably originally represented by Richard Burbage.

P. 22.—"We had now shifted our ground, and were come

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to the Rialto;" that is, the Royal Exchange, or Change, as Rowley afterwards (p. 23) calls it:—"Well, then we change our walke, and from the *Change* we goe," &c.

P. 22.—"They laide some, I, a great deale of blame on their wives," &c. It was most common at this date to write and print *aye* with a capital I, and such is the case in this passage, which does not mean that the author laid "a great deal of blame," &c.

P. 25.—"If men undertake (as indeed we of late have done) but some good and necessary peece of worke, as the re-edifying of a decaied gate, built new places for the profitable sweetnesse of the city," &c. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen had done much for the improvement of the city, and the "decayed gate" which had been "re-edified," was probably Newgate; of which Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, edit. 1599, p. 33, thus speaks:—"All which so remayned until the yeare 1586, the 28 of Queen Elizabeth, when the same gate, being sore decayed, was clean taken down, the prisoners in the meane time remayning in the large south-east quadrant to the same gate adjoyning, and the same yeare the whole gate was newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others as afore on the east side, and the picture of her Majestie, Queene Elizabeth, on the west side." By "picture," Stowe means statue, the two words being often in his time and afterwards confounded.

P. 26.—"From thence with fewe paces wee had reacht a faire and sumptuous streete," &c. Lombard Street, or perhaps Goldsmith's Row, Cornhill.

P. 27.—"Now wee were entred the Temple." The pillars of the Temple "hung with poore men's petitions," is a curious feature of the time. What Rowley says about the Temple "standing without his cap, and so had stood many years,"

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and about an insufficient collection for the repair of the buildings, is not very intelligible in our day.

P. 30.—"We had *ne bels*, what shall we now doe?" There is probably some misprint here, the correction of which must be left to the reader's ingenuity.

P. 30.—"Fight dog, fight beare, the uncharitable whipping of the blind, the old ape riding post," &c. This passage alludes to the ordinary entertainments at Paris Garden, on the Southwark side of the water, where, from a very early date, it was the custom to bait bears, horses with monkies upon their backs, bulls, &c. (Vide Collier's Hist. of Dram. Poetry and the Stage, iii. 278.) In Lyson's Environs, i. 92, may be seen a copy of an advertisement from Henslowe and Alleyn, issued about the year 1608, and ending thus: "and for their better content shall have pleasant sport with the horse and ape, and whipping of the blind bear," which is just what is alluded to in our tract. In 1608, was published, by Thomas Weelkes, "Batchelar of Musicke," a work called "Ayres or Phantasticke Sprites for three Voices," &c. which, among others, contains the following lines, set to music:—

"The Ape, the Monkey, and Baboon did meet,
And breaking of their fast in Friday Street;
Two of them sware together solemnly
In their three natures was a sympathy.
Nay, quoth Baboon, I do deny that strain,
I have more knavery in me than you twain.

"Why, quoth the Ape, I have a horse at will
In Paris Garden, for to ride on still,
And there show tricks. Tush! quoth the Monkey, I
For better tricks in great mens houses lie.
Tush! quoth Baboon; when men do know I come,
For sport from town and country they will run."

P. 31.—"Well it was, that it was so: now, hey for the country we had past." It may be suspected that the words

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" wee had past," after " country," are surplusage; and that the printer by mistake inserted them, as the next paragraph begins " we have passed," &c. The sense is quite complete at " now, hey for the country."

P. 32.—" Yet it may be this, sir, dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furthest from the nest." This unfortunate simile has been used by perhaps hundreds of writers, particularly by those of the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and James I. It it to be found in Shakespeare, and more instances than enough are collected in a note to Dodsley's Old Plays, II. 111. Edit. 1825.

P. 32.—" And a reasonable stature for a juryman." It stands in the original edition thus:—" and a reasonable stature for a *ury Jman*," the letter j having been put in the wrong place. Why a juryman should be of any particular " stature," it is not easy to explain.

P. 32.—" We had scarce the maydes manners to say nay and take it." This proverb occurs twice in Shakespeare, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act I. sc. 2; and in *Richard the Third*, act III. sc. 7.

" Play the maid's part; still answer nay, and take it."

It would be easy to multiply instances from other writers.

P. 34.—Like knights of the post." These were persons who were hired to swear and forswear themselves, and are frequently mentioned in old writers, and one of them thus describes himself in Nash's " Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell," p. 4, first edit. 1592—there were three in the same year: " A knight of the post, quoth he, for so I am tearmed: a fellow that will sweare you any thing for twelve pence; but indeede I am a spirite in nature and essence that take uppon mee this humaine shape, onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell." I quote from this tract the more readily, because Rowley's " Search for

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Money" is in many respects an imitation of the manner and style of Nash. Take the subsequent paragraph (p. 3) as a specimen. "Without more circumstance thether [to Westminster Hall] came I, and thrusting my selfe (as the manner is) amongst the confusion of languages, I askt (as before) whether he were there extant or no? but from one to another *non novi dæmonem* was all the answere I could get. At length (as fortune servde) I lighted upon an olde straddling usurer, clad in a damaske cassocke, edgde with fox-furre; a paire of trunke slops sagging downe like a shoomakers wallet, and a short thrid-bare gown on his backe fac't with moatheaten budge: upon his head he wore a filthy course biggin, and next it a garnish of nightcaps, with a sage butten cap of the forme of a cow sheard, overspred verie orderly. A fat chuffe it was (I remember) with a grey beard cut short to the stumps, as though it were grymde, and a huge worme-eaten nose, like a cluster of grapes, hanging downwards. Of him I demaunded if hee could tell me anie tidings of the partie I sought for?" Compare this with Rowley's description of the usurer, p. 19.

P. 38.—"A poore black serge sute—that if it had beene artificially flamed and burnisht, yee would have thought it had beene one of Lucifers cast sutes" One of the modes of dressing the devil in some of the old plays was in a black suit, painted with flames, and made to shine. At other times, and at an earlier date, he wore a hairy dress like a wild beast.

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